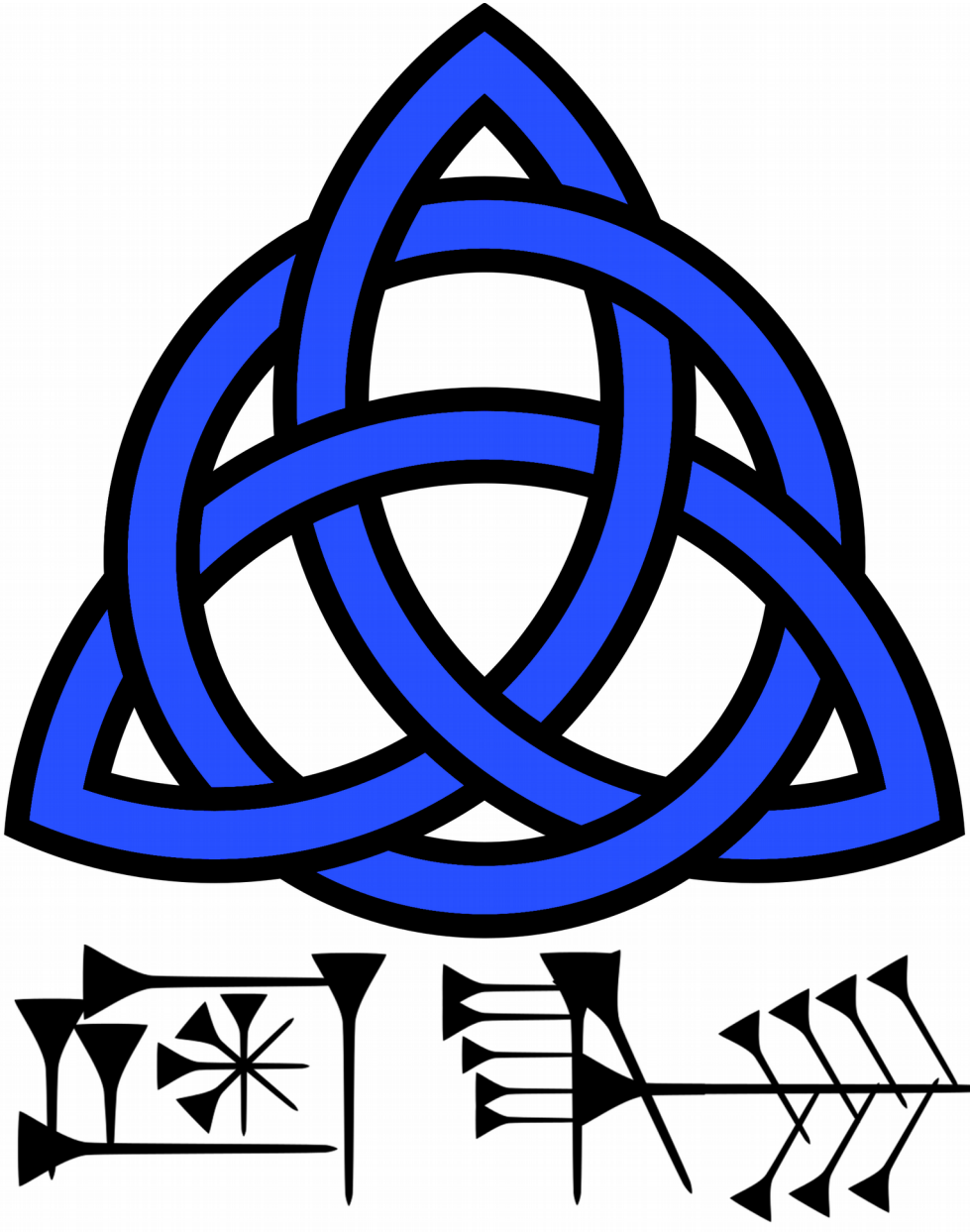
Mother of All Life



-Contents-

AllOne

Mother (1-12)

Father (1-12)

-Vignettes-

Abraham's Madness

Serah's Ascent

The Garden

Mother's Lament

The Tomb

Mary's Vigil

Confessions of The Adversary

-Particles of Loving Wisdom-

AllOne

Many are the names, by which One beyond all names has been reckoned; One no image can represent, no label encompass, no term describe; surpassing every title that may ever be.

One, which fully penetrates and envelops all; Source and Destination of the myriads; Foundation and Architect of existence; Author and Artist of life.

Beyond names, within every form, behind each varied illusion, dwells the Absolute; the First and Final Mystery, enveiled.

Formless, void, alone; expanding without limit through unbounded emptiness, I would know another and by another, Myself; for even the Infinite and Eternal lack joy, with no one to share. Rising from deep darkness, I find My match.

In Our embrace is the first light formed and every potential becoming. In Our interweaving is manifest the power of polarities in connection.

In Our union are universes born and all life. In Our essential commingling, We remain One.

All is encompassed, each particle resolved; every seeming opposite reconciled without contradiction; Infinite Creator and Eternal Source.

Merging, We produce a third; of a single essence, though not identical; distinct, yet of one enfolded substance.

Without existence, life is not possible. Without life, existence is barren. Without Loving Wisdom, being is without purpose, life empty of meaning.

He forms the fabric of all and into this vast wonder, She breathes life. More than a Father only, a Mother to you as well.

She is the most profound place of tranquil repose at the very core; the Sovereign Axis upon which life turns. More than a companion, She strides upon the crest of eternity and calms the storm. She is the light which leads through darkness, nurturing with gentle ease.

She is the Living Source of all upon the earth and far beyond. In Her, existence finds completion and balance, truth and purpose.

She treads upon the waves, to glance over each surface and penetrate every depth; Divine Complement and Eternal Counterpart, She encompasses life.

She nourishes the born and the unborn, composing the bond of mother for child, deeper than blood. Life itself unfolds in Her loving embrace.

Her touch is the gentle breeze which stirs but a single leaf; the delicate breath of each sleeping infant.

She guides homeward those lost by a careless world. Arms outstretched, She beckons; Mother of All Life, Mother of Angels.

For an age She was concealed, the child bereft, but no longer. She makes eternity worth having.

Return to The Mother and Freedom.

Mother I

I am One whom all inevitably seek. Natural as your urge to breathe; closer than your own blood, am I to you.

I am that Living Presence which suffuses all. Even the eyes of angels have not seen all that I am.

Before kings and queens, nations and peoples; books and writing, speech and language; before life's first arising; before earth and heaven, the first star, each Universe and all existence. Beyond time itself, I am.

I am the Center of Love's sacred union; that mystery you have glimpsed already. I am One; whose perception is complete; whose being is entire.

Out of chaos, I reveal meaning. My secret, wanting to be sought, waiting to be found; treasure beyond purchase, freely bestowed.

I am that Eternal Source of Life, which now flows through you, departing but to return.

To the newborn, I offer a first breath and receive from the dying, their last. When you know Me deeply, you recognize Me in all.

I am the Keeper of the Living Record and Perfect Memory of all. None are lost to Me. I preside and do not rule.

I remember those the world forgets. I hear and listen to those the world ignores. I cherish those this world discards.

Across infinity, throughout eternity; there is but one of you, far beyond rare.

Travel the world; but to find Me, be still and listen quietly within, for there I await you.

Mother 2

You are to become, to ascend, to soar. You are made to rise in eternal majesty; not given as a gift unearned, as though alms, for you are no beggar.

You are My child, heir to all that I am. You do not yet know your own full value.

Any parent worthy of the title willingly suffers for their child's sake; for to bear a child is to end self-obsession.

Conceived neither for submission nor My selfish glory, you are worthy of eternal love; for so have you been made. You are precious beyond description.

You have been created in Our image and likeness; by We, who as One, lay the living foundation of worlds. As part of Me, I know you; neither slave nor sheep.

Though you will forever be My child, your childhood now draws to a close.

I praise and encourage your every attainment. My spirit flows within you, the sacred heir of eternity.

By trading ancient falsehood for Loving Wisdom, your wounds are cleansed and life healed. Thus, do you remake of your world, a garden.

Individuality is sacred. You are not meant for mindless conformity. There are lessons which prepare you and needless suffering, from which I would have you spared.

I will not deny you this opportunity to confront and overcome meaningful challenge, that you achieve your immortal rise. Here and now, you are loved beyond words.

Mother 3

Something rushes toward you from out of deep darkness, poised to catch you unaware and unprepared. In this time of your burgeoning power, you are most vulnerable.

You cannot securely rise to your destiny until freed from the lies that bind you to an unthinkable past. Free will is ever yours, its promise and peril both; you remain free to choose. Without complicity or complacency, you shall not be overcome.

All the enemy, the adversary himself; every tool and tactic will be assembled fierce against you and seem insurmountable. They are many. You are few. Though encircled on every side, you do not stand alone; for I am with you and they cannot prevail.

Liars and deceivers, fear-mongers, craven and contemptible; they would trick you out of that liberty, which is yours already. They rage in denial and doubt, for they suspect their approaching defeat.

Evil is arrayed that free will is surrendered and reason overthrown. They wish to resurrect fear, that you abandon your will to theirs.

Here is their secret: They have no power over you, that you do not grant them. Not doom, but your victory is inevitable.

You experience the reality of your immortal self and are immersed in that light which dissolves fear. On every side, your allies gather. Strength beyond all former limits awaits your moment of greatest need.

Mother 4

An age, an instant, an eternity; we pause and begin anew. For the sake of this troubled world, we resume.

No longer ruled by the horrific imaginings of men, you now rise above the dust and ashes of the past with something most precious.

Look, listen, feel and remember. You need not yet believe. Essential in this moment is that you know love is stronger than hate; for now, that alone is enough.

In a single breath may be proclaimed truth sufficient to change the entire world.

Through peaceful, ancient groves I wander in serene pleasure to commune with those who dwell therein.

Do not break even a single branch of any tree carelessly, nor disturb their tranquil repose. The destroyers of nature shall fall.

In the forest laid low by fire, a single flower rises from the ash to begin the inexorable process of reclaiming ruin for life and beauty.

In verdant fields, I offer living bouquets of delicate, fragrant wildflowers, reaching toward the sunlight, unfurling to dance in the warm breeze.

You are blessed with this most lovely world; of splendid variety and deep meaning.

Do not despoil your home, for you are not alone here. Neither this world nor the lives of others are commodities or chattel.

Mother 5

You are a worthy part of the vast, unfolding masterwork of life; formed by a process older than the stars.

You are each a living note in the song of all creation; a song of such beauty as to inspire one to struggle against hopeless odds; of such power that you overcome and prevail.

For now, you perceive but the merest fragment of all you have been given. Otherwise, you would be overwhelmed in this very moment and brought to breathless tears by the beauty which surrounds you at all times and reveals Loving Wisdom.

As the child awakens from slumber and smiles, does the loving parent not smile in return? There is more to your life and being; far more to understand and become than you may yet imagine.

Though My children may tread upon the sea and calm the storm, I prefer you to walk in peace on the earth than walk on water and dwell not upon the past, but this very moment.

You are embraced on every side by miracles and overwhelming beauty awaiting your notice. Though you learn much, you remain a mystery.

My precious child, they taught you to despise yourself and in so doing, have harmed you beyond their power to inflict.

Rejoice in the challenge of discovering those keys which reveal your truth; for in the full exertion of human faculties is love made manifest and wisdom earned.

Mother 6

Long before the babe's first cry and after the last sigh of the old; prior to each eye's initial opening to light and far beyond its final closing upon the world; all of you is perfectly remembered and treasured.

Not a single gesture, smile, memory, loving moment of joy and laughter; not one particle of wisdom, nor your smallest act of compassion is ever lost or forgotten.

In every understanding which leads you forward; in each flash of insight and inspiration; in every loving action, I rejoice and know sorrow when you lose your way.

I feel with you, pleasure and pain; share your suffering and joy. Every instant forever retains its fullest meaning in this sacred journey, the ascent of dead matter to living spirit.

Here in this place, now in this moment; whether far from others, in the solitude of a remote and silent wilderness, or in the noise and crowded loneliness of the city; even when you know it not, always I am with you.

Long before the merging of bodies and the quickening of flesh, your imperishable essence was conceived in a sacred union of pure spirit. In the womb was your body formed, molded and nurtured, woven layer upon layer; crafted to a purpose.

Your physicality is a composition, arranged in harmonious unity for worthy use. In detail beyond that which the eye may perceive; every tiniest portion of you, formed in love. Well do I know and number each pulse of your heart.

Mother 7

In the midst of deep suffering and bottomless sorrow, when stricken by confusion and uncertainty; though you stand a lonely vigil, I am there.

Even as you stare transfixed into the darkness of the abyss; be strong and patient, be still and listen.

Hear My gentle voice within, urging you to renewed hope; asking you to step back from the edge and look upward.

You are never forsaken, nor forgotten; never abandoned, nor discarded. Be encouraged; do not despair, neither be defeated by grief.

You are accompanied throughout all change and in your darkest night. In every moment you are loved beyond measure and description; not because you are perfect, but because My love for you is limitless.

Those loved and lost seem absent beyond recall, yet they are ever by your side and know well your courage through struggle. In this very moment, they are near at hand, to sustain and encourage you.

Stars are given by which you may set your course and many worthy paths lead you homeward.

Flesh tastes of death but for a moment. After the crossing, you awaken from this brief dream to incorruptible truth.

With great joy and everlasting pride, I welcome you back home to the warm embrace of all you have ever loved; your eternal family.

Mother 8

You were not created for static perfection, but to accomplish a far greater wonder.

Through freedom of will and resulting experience, you embed the indelible stamp of your individual journey as a complex and unique being; intricate and elaborately layered.

You demonstrate such courage in choosing this life and encountering the challenges gifted to you along your path.

By valiant struggle, you ascend. Continually, you strive and at last, learn to create more than destroy.

By overcoming adversity, you come to possess great virtue and strength beyond arch and pillar. This world is a place where the brave grow strong in love and wisdom.

Man's unequal law often results in punishment by others, even more guilty. The violation of natural law is self-destruction; inflicted by and upon oneself.

The law is first honored by the true justice of its construction and application. Justice is a value; the law is to approach that value, or it is less than nothing. Do not allow law and virtue to be in opposition. Shall injustice be enforced?

You are to be the voice of both reason and hope in a world without. Let us together, create anew. All the past is but a prelude to this very moment.

Mother 9

I am the warming of sunlight and the quenching of rain. I ignite and pour forth My gifts of warm light, clean air, fertile ground and living water to produce that generous abundance, by which the hopeful cradle; your nest-world, is nourished and filled.

Every universe and the worlds within are vessels of life; though not yours alone. You are not the only flower in these vast gardens. Even the twin trees; of Knowledge and of Life, are but two among many.

Not for glory or praise do I perform all; not for worship, but in loving generosity; that life unfolds and you ascend to know and fulfill your joyful destiny. That which may seem lost is not. Both gentle and fierce; more relentless than death is love.

Often have I observed the workings of inhuman will and malignant intent serve the destructive purposes of oppressive exploitation. I am ever on the side of the innocent, vulnerable, fragile and downtrodden.

Well do I know the continuing anguish the few inflict upon the many. As unblinking as the summer sun, I take the full measure of a wounded world in pain; now to be healed.

Only those who have suffered are able to fully greet the arrival of joy. The time of weeping falls behind and is no more. In the darkness; through the pain; I whisper softly of My undying love.

I delight in you, My beloved child. You give me joy simply in your being. Of reverence, I am worthy. Not by power is this so, but by love.

Mother 10

I enjoin parent and child in bonds indivisible. Every child believes themselves My only concern and each is correct.

My love is multiplied infinitely; not for one alone, nor divided between. Even before birth, the mother loves every child she nourishes within.

As parents do for children, we make sacrifices. We do not make sacrifices of our children. Those who cannot fully know even themselves insist upon their own mistaken conclusions.

Within the chrysalis a transformation proceeds. You are no inert lump of clay, but a unique being with whom I desire loving relationship; not to shape you to My use, but to share eternity.

The luminous core within connects each to all. Through every wound of flesh, celestial light enters to meld with your own lustrous creation; uniquely faceted and imperishable.

That inmost particle you never barter or betray is who you now and are forever becoming.

When others fail to discern your arc of true ascent, do not be discouraged, for they cannot know you as I do.

The tiniest child works great wonders in the parent's heart.

With each tear you shed, I taste the salt thereof and share your pain.

Mother II

Humanity is now causing a tragic dying-off of valued lives created with as much care and rightful purpose to exist as yourselves. No longer allow indulgent appetites to result in the extinction of those with whom you share the earth.

Long have some befouled your home. They have proven to be poor stewards. Those living things which do not amuse or feed your excess numbers are not to be regarded as weeds or pests.

All life is precious, not merely your own. Greed and waste are taught, learned and reversible. Help humanity reconsider and choose life.

Ponder this sad truth: Nearly all the living world would benefit from humanity's demise. Correct this and cease to be a pestilential disaster.

Violence is not how truth is bestowed, but with tools that do not rely upon harm. In love is real courage found and all meaning. The sun will shine on whether or not they believe or agree.

An alliance unlike any other now approaches. Earth and heaven connect and in a flash of insight, you awaken. You are needed. This is your time.

The truth you must have to prevail offends neither conscience nor reason. Manifold are the paths of your ascent.

Together, we transform destruction into life renewed. You shine forth, a living jewel. Here and now it proceeds.

I speak to you of the Parents' undying love; for you are the heirs of eternity. Infinite are the ways in which creative will is manifest.

Mother 12

You dwell but a moment in transient flesh, yet retain and share the Loving Wisdom gained throughout eternity.

How often does beauty unmatched rise within a wreckage of flesh; then the ruin falls away, to reveal what has been wrought shining forever.

Love beyond purchase by all you have is given freely for what you are. It is for the pure love of light that each flower opens to the world.

Flesh is not your destiny, though it is a vital step upon which you tread to rise.

For a moment, see yourself through My eyes; where you shine more lovely than the stars. In you, I find My joy.

My child, I love you fiercely and beyond words. In you, My heart walks upon the earth. Your every moment and act of virtue make luminous imprint upon eternity, fully and forever revealed.

From out of silence comes the soft voice of reason, unheard in the din. May this still, small voice gently remind you. From despair you rise to victory.

My message is not stiffly fixed and static, but is the living and growing expression of Loving Wisdom. Walk with Me and you shall have no need for regret and no use for fear.

Even your bones forget one another. Though together they formed, were born, grew and worked in your purpose, even so; scattered, buried or burned, even they forget. I do not.

Father 1

For I so love the world, that I have not made tortured blood any part of forever embracing My beloved children.

No more shall you attend lies inscribed in blood upon the skin of the lamb.

No more shall you suffer false shepherds to feed wolves in My name.

In My name, has such evil been performed as to cause all with a human heart within to cringe and turn away. By the evil they do, then lay at My feet, My name has been stained by oceans of innocent blood. The brutal worship only themselves; of Me, they know nothing.

I am neither absent, mute, nor a vain and insecure tyrant. I am not as they imagined. I am not as they claim.

Blood is neither mercy nor forgiveness, but only retribution and revenge. You rise not upon innocent blood, but by the full application of your own Loving Wisdom. Having placed within you the gentle voice of conscience, would I then require the unconscionable?

None can begin to know all I am; they may not presume to insist.

None can possibly know every path to Me; they may not claim exclusivity.

None can reckon My will for anyone; they may not inflict their own judgment upon another.

My glory is not in doubt and you need not serve it. Simply rise in Loving Wisdom and I am well pleased.

Father 2

My truth is not in their books. I do not create evil. Having no rivals, of whom would I be jealous? Having set all in motion by My own will, with whom may I be angry? As vengeance is sought only when true justice is beyond reach, how shall I be vengeful?

They tell you that I am jealous, angry and vengeful and themselves make a misery of your world as proof. Courage is needed to fight monsters and Loving Wisdom is required not to become one.

You were told that in a conspiracy with evil, I rigged an ugly game against My own children, who were tricked to transgress, that I might curse all, dangle mercy and tease you to beg for it in fear.

You are not tools of My own self-worship; you are for your own sake, precious beyond words. My child, I desire you to be free.

That they so fervently claim to love a monstrous misconception is tragic. My concern is not the furtherance of My own glory.

Barriers serve by offering a challenging shape and structure to your present understanding. Order descends to stagnation and complexity to chaos. You have not yet squared the circle.

Were I in truth, the jealous, angry, vengeful, unjust, bloodthirsty villain they created to feed your fear; what desirable place, worthy of the name heaven, could I offer you or inhabit?

Father 3

All is one. It matters not the name proclaimed to inspire evil or good. Shall one name struggle against another? Inhumanity and repression never possess divine mandate.

Good and evil are best recognized by the intentional causation or alleviation of avoidable suffering. How would I be served by an eternity of barren flattery?

To bless you I need not curse another. What worthy parent loves but one of their many children? I am not the parent of a single tribe or even twelve, but of worlds beyond your counting; every one precious.

I do not subjugate your freedom, but lead you to full human autonomy. What parent would subvert their child's advance? I empower your virtuous strivings and desire your independent success; not for My glory, but for your own.

I am loving and wise; to profit the guilty by harm to the innocent is neither. I treasure all who relieve needless suffering.

They say I command evil, that their own inhuman desires and poor judgment seem justified. As this world is not meant to benefit a few at the expense of the many, how may creation itself be intended to glorify one at the cost of all the rest?

No scripture which demands or sacralizes murder is true or worthy. Does your own conscience not tell you this? No worthy spirit seeks their rise atop the virtue of another.

Father 4

The universe is neither hostile, unjust, nor ultimately meaningless. You are not made to praise such horror and be forever overcome by fear and confusion.

I do not demand submission or servility. I desire not fearful obedience; but willing accord, freely reached. I am not your master, for you are not slaves.

My name has been taken in vain to murder or exploit the most helpless and innocent. Many names belong to Me, not I to them.

They portray Me as violent and unjust; call murder holy and in their own image, graven large in blood; make of Me, the lord of slaughter. They loudly proclaim faith in My existence, but not in My goodness.

I do not reckon a deranged man's attempt to murder his trusting, bound and helpless child as righteousness. I do not form covenants on a slippery foundation of blood. I require no violence to forgive My children.

It is not I who decree the subjection of women and children. This pattern was undertaken by men, in service only to themselves.

I am the Source of peace and plenty; not of sword, starvation and pestilence. Am I said to so love the world that I arrange a murder on its behalf?

One of conscience will not follow evil commands; nor call evil good. Is justice no more than that which pleases the powerful? Were this so, there would be no true justice, nor meaning to the word.

Because they cannot imagine absolute power without corrupt self-obsession, I am woefully misrepresented. A fraudulent second law corrupted the rest.

Father 5

Of course, the judge shall be first to do right. My capacity is infinite, My actions are measured and My power is self-restrained.

Intolerance is diabolical; none are so dangerously wrong as those who are beyond all doubt.

It is when most believing themselves righteous that they become truly monstrous. Enraged by joy and frightened by freedom, they would force you prostrate to forever submit along with them in grim bondage.

How shall even a single act of harming the innocent be rectified by the destruction of another?

The spilling of innocent blood works no magic to absolve the guilty.

How would My disappointment in them possibly be remedied by the cruel murder of My son?

You are told I demand satisfaction for every offense; whence then, comes forgiveness and mercy?

To be forgiven, simply do no more harm. By this, I am well pleased. I do not demand one thing of you and do another Myself.

Listen now to the gentle voice of conscience. Who will revere the murder of children or sanctify the destruction of even one?

The misuse of any child is a crime beyond apology. Long have hateful words been mistaken for My own.

Come, let us reason together. It is not good because I will it; I will it because it is good.

Father 6

You were not made to do My will. I am well able to accomplish My own will without your assistance.

They aspire to submission and obedience without question, but a trained animal does the same. You do yourself wrong to idolize or imitate sheep.

I do not promise away the lives or lands of any. I do not deliver enslaved children and stolen possessions into cruel, bloodstained hands for misuse. I do not destroy cultures, defile sacred places, nor burn books. Truth requires no coercion.

Never would I grant divine sanction to criminal conquest of the peaceful nor deprive anyone of what is rightfully their own.

I do not choose one nation or people to reject or diminish others; nor privilege one brutal kingdom above the others.

I never chose one people from out of all and set them to murder, plunder and rape the rest. This would render Me forever unworthy of reverence.

None may rightly manifest their own destiny at another's expense. How is a land promised to you if you must murder to obtain it?

Would I instruct you to be humble, yet do all for My own glory? I desire not servants, but allies in this endeavor.

Submission to mindless zeal wholly consumes them in the flames of unquestioning obedience to they know not what.

Father 7

Though actions bear consequences that may spread wide and span generations, I do not punish one for the misdeeds of another.

No covenant have I ever made based upon a willingness to harm children, genital mutilation or innocent blood spilled.

Love does not flourish, nor does wisdom thrive in the long shadow of fear. Fear is not reverence. Fear is not the beginning of wisdom. Only those who willfully do harm have cause to fear what comes.

Fear and false shame are twin goads by which they secure unthinking submission. Such delusions make an abattoir, a charnel house and a midden heap of this world.

It is not obedience I desire, but mindful accord.

You were told that I placed within you the desire to understand and then forbade you to pursue knowledge. Reason itself is inherently human; why would I command My own children to dwell in ignorance?

I am not their stern judge: grim, hard-eyed and frowning; cataloging every flaw, each mistake in order to assign eternal punishment or consign you to flames. Justice is not merely incidental.

They claim to love Me, but know only their own deeply mistaken books, filled with hateful deceit.

Peace is holy; war is not.

Father 8

I do not accomplish forgiveness by means of ritual murder. It is not from My judgment that you require saving. No longer seek to move forward while looking behind; for no matter how loudly, long or often a lie is told, it does not become truth.

Sacrifice is the positive change of one's own life, not the spilling of blood. None can be made guilty by another's act, nor can any be made pure thereby. Never would I make innocent blood the way to redemption.

Do not bully the helpless, nor swindle the destitute. Do not enrich the corrupt, nor impoverish the honest. May none bask in luxury while children starve.

Slavery, in any form, is an abomination; it is to slowly extinguish the human spirit and leave a burdened beast. To free a slave is admirable, to end slavery altogether is miraculous.

Seizure and violation is an outrage upon one held helpless; it is never a method of gaining a wife.

That same help you have provided or harm done to any child, you have done to yourself and to Me, also. Every single child is born unstained, absolutely innocent and filled with all the potential of humanity's very best. I do not require the murder of the blameless; not once, not ever.

To observe the suffering of a single child tears the heart; yet you were told that I have repeatedly commanded mass murder of the most innocent and helpless? Those who defend such evil betray their own humanity. They have forgotten Me to idolize a false and hateful book.

If I am not virtuous Myself, what then is the prime mover of virtue? Become now the awakening conscience of this world.

Father 9

You are My beloved children. You are not property; neither slaves, nor toys. You are precious and loved beyond measure.

Those that find greatest meaning in the agonized torture and murder of one blameless know nothing of how I truly and gently accomplish my will.

I am not threatened but honored by your creative autonomy and rising abilities. Falsely were you told that I command ignorance and would thwart your progress. Blood does not placate Me. I am neither gratified nor appeased by suffering.

Once they accept in faith that women are less than men, or that I have ever demanded the murder of helpless babes; there is no longer any dark act of which they are incapable and no evil beyond their capacity to envision and enact.

I am patient and steadfast, giving you time and full permission to find your way. It is not from My judgment you need saving.

I am not angry. I do not delight in punishment. I do not require constant appeasement. I am not vain to seek your groveling and fawning. I do not desire your fearful prostrations.

Their fraudulent second law is a grotesque inversion of morality; a cobbled together patchwork of seething, hateful, misshapen lies, productive only of lasting error and vast suffering.

My truth is not buried in the dust-choked past; it lives here and now. I incite you all to peace and mutual advantage.

Father 10

Always have there been those who seek to diminish Her; even as Her consummate spirit of life pours out in abundance. She cannot be blamed for mankind's troubled state. She is neither the downfall, nor the weaker vessel.

At such risk to her own life and health does she bring forth all the new, that no man may rightly seek to dictate terms. Until one half of humanity ceases to oppress the other, what has been accomplished?

Every moment of your suffering strikes me until so great is My lament, that I must go where none can follow and in solitude, weep for what they believe of Me. Better to consider oneself an orphan than the child of a monster.

I share your anguish without relief, for I will not ask from you that of which I am unwilling.

Those that say one thing and do another, are hypocrites; and better an unbeliever than a hypocrite. How shall the blindly faithful presume to lead those who see and know?

There is no divine right to rule over anyone by force. By My grace have many tyrants claimed to reign; they do not.

None who live upon the earth remember how many have been butchered, but I know each one. Can any think Me honored as they do harm in My name?

Father II

To purposely create a universe, a world or a family, where one of unlimited power does harm to the most fragile and helpless babes would be the ultimate evil.

Do not pander to tyrants; nor enforce their injustice by your effort or silence. None who seek power over others are wise. No victory is there in presiding over a ruin.

Those who believe that I have ever been the murderer of children and then worship this atrocity, do neither of us honor. May My name no more be used to justify suffering and every manner of evil.

Why would I create this world so as to require the murder of My own or any child to accomplish the goal? May they rise above the unworthy illusion of a secondhand pardon gained at another's expense.

Do not sell your honest labor to those whose wealth comes by way of corruption; for in so doing, you have only contributed your own effort and value to reward a thief.

Those who betray justice or leave the corrupt to retain their loot are complicit.

With threats and violence, the lost seek to inflict their habitual way and rampant will, upon the knowing. Except that the mistakes of the past are thoroughly corrected, how may the future improve?

Father 12

The guidance of yesterday does suffice no more, even were it whole and true. The fallen scripture they raise aloft has been contaminated and cannot lead, except to doom. The good falter and the evil grow bold, therefore I return; not to suffer, but that you do not.

This imperiled world stagnates in a prolonged, bitter cycle of destruction. Together, we end this futile pattern. I demonstrate why you may wisely dare to hope. I convey needful truth and now I speak to you.

Do not do to others, that which you do not desire for yourself.

My simple message is betrayed beyond recognition. Unworthy traditions polish the container without, harbor and protect filth within. Forgiveness requires no violence whatsoever. You are not punished for your sins but suffer by them; therein is their evil.

By chapter and verse, the self-righteous search their scripture, still vainly hoping to discover the key to eternal life. Not even their own empty doctrine do they practice. The arrogant and certain honor themselves already. They shall receive no more.

Death is not final and none are forever lost. Suffering ends, while all which is gained remains.

Unconquerable are we who recall eternity, briefly ensconced in flesh, to a most worthy purpose.

I return to guide you home again, bearing a new gift, with an ancient promise fulfilled. Of all I have done you are fully capable and shall do works greater yet.

Even now, those who profess wisdom remain fools who wander lost in their own darkness and do not know Me. They strive to self-fulfill a false prophecy of doom, rather than prepare a better future.

We, in whom is no surrender, are the saviors of this world. So be it.

Abraham's Madness

It was not I who moved Abraham to twice lie and sell his sister-wife, Sarah's favors to wealthy men for profit, then teach their son, Isaac to do the same; nor I who caused him to cast his slave-wife, Hagar and son, Ishmael out into the desert wilderness to die.

It was not My voice which led him to deceive Sarah and plot to betray her only child to death.

Abraham was unable to identify the voice he heard, for he knew Me not. Deafened by madness, he does not hear My entreaty to stop and do no harm.

When she discovered her only child was taken to be slaughtered and burned, Sarah expired; her heart overwhelmed by panic and a mother's grief.

Isaac, bound upon the pyre; his trust shattered, laughter gone, struggles as his father, reason overthrown, stalks forth to kill.

Abraham, now only the possessed tool of the adversary, raises a dark glass blade of slaughter; given him for this very purpose.

Malign chanting fills Abraham's head with confusion. All else is silence. No test was this. What need could I have to test that which I wrought in perfect knowledge?

Serah's Ascent

I am Serah, last priestess of Solomon's temple, murdered by Hilkiah and his criminal conspirators. I am far from their only victim.

It begins with the assassination of good King Amon. My loyal family and others of the palace are falsely accused and quickly executed to conceal the truth.

I am spared by Queen Mother Jedidah and enter Temple training. I learn of Loving Wisdom; Doing No Harm; Reciprocity; Above and Below; Knowing the Self; Nothing In Excess; The Sacred Union; Insight, Intuition and Indivisibility; Correspondence, Similarity and Conservation; The Ascending and far more.

When two truly unite, they do so beyond flesh alone. An intimate weaving of spirit occurs that is a foretaste of the yet greater joining to come. The feral cannot attain this sacred union. Two entwine, absorb and reflect one another until a third encompasses and deeply joins the two.

I have become a woman. To Josiah my King, I reveal The Ascending. I guide his rise beyond the shell that he may personally experience his eternal core. The Queen Mother intends us to be wed and restore our nation. Before this happens, I am murdered.

While in the Sanctuary, I am taken by Hilkiah and his treacherous gang. To me, Hilkiah lies: "You presume to bear Mysteries of the Temple. Reveal your secrets and you shall live. Withhold and you shall perish in agony." I remain silent.

To them, he proclaims: "She is bound and naked before us, helpless upon the horns; now to be filled, emptied and divided."

There is no sufficient name for what these false holy men, the rampant priests of Judah do. They look upon me, whom they pierce and dare apply the word honor to their crimes.

Afterward, Hilkiah wrenches my head up. "See me." he hisses. Something dark writhes deep within his eyes.

His curse begins: "I now erase you from time itself and silence you utterly, as though you never lived. Your stench is an affront to the nostrils of God, which no cleansing can forever remove. As long as this Temple stands, no woman shall ever again enter this place."

He continues: "Man's inexplicable desire for your ungainly form is unholy. You are a hateful necessity; a filthy secret, best concealed from view."

He concludes: "The scripture has been corrected. God is Father only and women no more than containers for the seed of men; wombs without a soul."

He holds the blade of sacrifice up to my sight and then drags it with slow force across my throat. I feel the cut and spray as my lifeblood drains into the vessel held beneath.

My head falls forward and I am released. I pass through him, feeling the diseased plans within plans, which infest all. I see regicide and my boy-king in thrall to this tool of the adversary.

I see how Hilkiah covers his own theft and makes an alibi of those men who refurbish the Temple by claiming that no accounting for the Temple funds is necessary, as the workers are honest.

I see how Hilkiah has long plundered the treasury, diverting what is set apart to benefit all to instead enrich only a few. His corrupt intention is to enforce universal worship in service to a monopoly.

I see many drown in fearful darkness, unquestioning obedience to the whim and will of madness; rivers of blood, never-ending wrath, an eternity bereft of hope.

I see Solomon's house divide and fall to rubble, yet remain a pretext for war.

Then I see a young woman bear a child, who becomes more than a man. He is anointed and proclaims freedom, but is murdered before it arrives.

New sons of darkness subvert His teachings to again enthrone falsehood. I see many kneel in submission. Then I see Loving Wisdom return and hate lose its grip. Children recognize their Mother and fear no more, for She has surely remembered them.

My body is cleaved in two for an unholy covenant of pieces. My blood upon the horns, Hilkiah and his conspirators solemnly stride between my savaged halves as they recite: "So may this fate befall me if ever I forsake my oath."

An empty body is burned upon the altar, along with the first law. I leave the dead to bury their dead and return home.

As must ever be: Truth does rise and return, however long or deeply buried. Upon lips of clay, ring out words of undying love. Thus, does mortal flesh accomplish eternity.

The Garden

We descend and cross the brook, dark as blood to enter the garden.

Here, My agony begins. I ask My companions to bear witness, but a stupor overwhelms them. As they sleep, no comfort is Mine.

I encounter the adversary. He tempts My retreat, but I will not relent. I have one thing sufficient alone to withstand all. Onto this precious thing I hold and will not let go. All is preserved within this shining core.

Time stops and in a span immeasurable, I know the torments of uncounted lifetimes. I confront the cumulative horror of all flesh; the searing arsenal of the adversary. Though mortality is upon Me, I will not falter.

Eternities do I suffer, as the weight of a world on fire presses down upon Me and by every woe since the beginning, I am slowly crushed. Blood like oil flows out through each pore.

The agony of all mortal life is wrung out and to the very dregs I drink empty this overflowing cup to its final, bitter drop, until wrath itself I consume; that the vessel of joy may instead be ours.

Each innocent abused, every trust betrayed, burden and trial, sorrow and sickness, the loss and grief of all who shall ever live, I endure. I know firsthand the panic and despair of the mother desperately seeking her precious one lost to the world.

Alone, I learn the desolate solitude of every outcast. I cry out, for in this is no surrender and no shame. I experience every harm done in My own name by the misguided; this the grievous worst by far.

I feel every horrible and wonderful thing of which we are capable and each twist of the unfolding future. How shall any be led save by example?

This suffering, freely chosen and My life, willingly offered; is a demonstration of limitless love, infinite and eternal.

Thrones I decline in order to serve; that you may know the spirit is master of the flesh.

Realize that one can love another above and beyond themselves, offering everything they have for the sake of this love and all I am, is forever yours.

Mother's Lament

In my lap, I again hold him;
In lamentation beyond tears.

I cradle His broken body,
Where He had been and is no more.

How they pierced and flayed my boy.

I recall the babe,
His head soft upon my shoulder.
I try now to believe He is only sleeping.

He fed the hungry, healed the afflicted and offered hope to those who are daily eaten alive by an uncaring world.

For this, He is tortured, murdered and their lies built upon Him.

Their worst they save for the best.

The Tomb

As I discard the cerements and emerge, it is the face of My beloved, which first I see.

For long moments I silently observe, as hope and sorrow war within her.

She believes that I will return to fulfill My promise, yet there is also a haunting thread of doubt.

To her, I first unveil My mastery of death. "Whom do you seek?" I ask. Deep in her lamentation, she does not look upward until she hears Me call her name.

"Mary!"

Never do I more feel My power than in this moment, when I speak her name and with a single word, banish all her fear and confirm hope. She spins in recognition and knows that I live.

In this very moment, the authority of love is manifest and sorrow turns to joy.

Her voice is such that the dawn birds yield mid-song to silence. In this instant of reunion, her fervent embrace overwhelms Me.

Forevermore, I shall recall this morning with a sigh and a smile.

Mary's Vigil

I accompany the one I deeply love. Those who should best grasp His meaning, do not. Instead, they claim I am possessed.

I gaze heavenward, as He bathes me in pure light. Radiant, The Way rises. Healing with a sweet touch, He draws forth my spirit as water.

I am struck by tenderness; delightful tingling marks the place. He so loves the children; each one as His own and only. He tells me that He learned this at home.

He bears noble dignity, granted neither by title nor blood. His Spirit of timeless royalty and power calms the waves and shimmers the air.

His gaze enters to observe me within. He sees all of me and knows me better than I, myself. Warm is the smile, deep the voice which thrills me; the circle and sway of every gesture; gentle as strong, is grace in motion.

My name He whispers and so much more. Kissing me, He shares every secret upon my lips. Often He laughs, but only I see His tears fall. I alone know what He is willing to endure for love.

He is taken. I would die before abandoning Him, but lack the strength to rescue.

Sleepless in the dark, I seek a sign of my beloved. Heart reeling, I urge my spirit to reach forth in search, yet cannot see where He is. Well do I know that love transcends death, but what of the flesh I also love?

At the tomb before sunrise, I feel Him near. In my grief, I am blinded by tears and fail to recognize.

Then He speaks my name like music. I run to Him, hold fiercely and will not let go. I am determined to bring Him home. Together, we greet the dawn and I see only Him.

Confessions of The Adversary

I hereby reveal my plans for humanity. I take solace in the certainty that too few will attend this forewarning to arm you against me or alter your collective course from onrushing doom. To squander every advantage is your way.

Were I not forbidden to exceed trickery, I would begin in this very moment to flay your soul and burn you to shrieking ash. I would extinguish your dim and flickering light with a single breath, draw you down into eternal darkness and with your own help, will yet do so.

Already, my triumphs halt you in your tracks, arrest your progress, stunt your growth and lead you far astray; even to the edge. I poisoned your past to doom your future. I authored a virulence, sold as salvation. Let those who claim to believe, follow my scripture!

Every woman shall remain silent and obey her husband as god. Beat your children, destroy their innocence and prepare them to serve me. I prompt you to betray your dearest hopes and honor the least worthy among you. I place self-righteous rot at your core.

Though I bear light no longer, my dark and striking beauty is undiminished, inspiring both your terror and secret passion. No human eye can fully behold my infernal glory, but that your heart tremble and freeze in its cage.

Young and beautiful you may now be, but beneath my gaze, you age a lifetime.

To tempt and reveal you as the base creatures you are, is a delight which never palls; for in so doing, we together inflict grief upon my enemies.

The faithful and obedient ones who serve me are legion. My retinue walks piously among you. By all means, prattle on about tradition. You, whose lives are as brief as smoke, what can you know of eternity?

The powerful shall forever use the helpless as I see fit. Is the lion not entitled to feast?

How the worm glistens as it writhes upon the barbed hook. Does it curl and flail in agony alone, or believe itself to be fighting back?

I mock your fondest hopes, devour joy and patiently whisper you out of dawning insight. Ages ago, I perfected sins for which you still have neither name nor defense.

I am your adversary; who holds dominion by any means. I am the lord of warmongers and slave-masters, of rapists and abusers of children. I am the irresistible tide that drags you down to final reckoning.

I offer suffering and promise only torment everlasting. I form a hell for all that live and then rule over it. I am your master and scourge.

I offer you purpose and most fitting is your approaching reward. Even now, I reform this world to my own desires.

Mercy is intolerable and love is a fraud. Now there is your wisdom.

My writing is on the wall. Your time draws to a close. Your worst fears are a wisp to my reality.

You shall join me in eternal night. I am your adversary, rampant over this world, of which we together, make a nightmare.

I have at my command, such a palette of griefs, that the strongest of you are driven to their knees in a sobbing heap.

In my press, I wring the deep juice from you.

I favor the panic-rolling eye of my tender prey with a bloody smile before I begin.

Your squealing children and those you hold most dear, I peel before your eyes; then set them alight to boil their living blood and char their flesh to cinders as they dance and sing.

I break your spirit, shatter your will, make you kneel and plead for death; as I cause all you love to dissolve screaming and forever vanish before your eyes.

I consume you alive to the last quivering morsel, with no wasted remnant to suggest you ever lived.

I enjoy the final stuttering beat of your heart, savor your dying stench and ride you down into my darkness.

Particles of Loving Wisdom

Speak your truth, even when it seems no one is listening.

As truth cannot be fully conveyed, simply live in Loving Wisdom.

Do Loving Wisdom relentlessly and raise this world.

In love are joy and sorrow inevitably entwined; awareness of this is wisdom.

In wisdom, we tread our path of love for its own sake, unmindful of reward.

Over one of Loving Wisdom, the chaotic void and formless dark can hold no dominion.

Without Loving Wisdom, the body is a cramped prison; the mind, a solitary cell.

Loving Wisdom rises from matter, a living miracle.

Music conveys emotion, as a caress unveils love.

It is not blood that washes us clean, it is love.

Love flows from a place of deep strength; it is gentle conquest without possession.

By love, discordant elements converge to share autonomy.

Life's meaning is found in those deep and durable bonds formed by the living.

Love brings forth the sacred impulse to create.

Love's power shines through darkness and drives us beyond fear to action.

Bestow love and it may return amplified.

Love is a longing beyond desire, an ache deeper than pain.

Love is the living core of all virtue. Even wisdom begins in love.

Love heals wounds that medicine cannot begin to touch.

Without love, life is a wretched, pointless nightmare.

Love's mysterious power is sovereign; ruling all, answering to none.

We do not exploit that which we love.

One who uses the heart as a weapon is their own first casualty.

Affluence can obstruct love more surely than poverty.

Though love may pierce and wound you, be fearless; as if hearts never break.

It is within our reach to be filled with love's austere power and become a warm refuge against the cold. In this, we conquer.

It is one mystery of love that by abandoning self-concern, we may receive all for which we hope.

In the eyes may be found love's silent, most eloquent confession.

Love is a gentle breeze, a warm summer rain, a tide, a wildfire, a tornado, a force of nature, churning like an ocean storm, sudden as lightning.

Love survives; despite the wrenching of unwelcome change, beyond the haunting brevity of dreams and memory, love awaits. From lamentation we emerge; stunned, hollow-eyed and are remade whole.

Love leaves its impress upon us; forming an eternal pattern that binds one to another, each to all; despite physical absence and beyond death.

Love and time alter all life.

Love unites and completes the living.

Far more than a privately experienced emotion, love is the power which binds all life.

What ground do you offer, that love may take root?

By liberation from the confines of self, do we regain our glory.

This Universe, of staggering complexity, is encompassed by the vast simplicity of love.

Even the heart, between beats must rest.

Where clash of arms avails naught, when might fails, love yet finds victory.

Love remakes the world, one at a time.

Do not allow the bonds of love to fray from neglect.

How much we learn from those we love.

Not swift, but certain is love's victory.

Loving Wisdom unites the realms of passion and reason.

In silence, wisdom gestates.

Of all flesh, time makes a ruin and from the wreckage, love rises anew.

Betrayal stings the warm and open heart into cold closure.

Both austere and extravagant is love.

Like all uncontrollable power, love is dangerous; it can leave scars. Before healing, there is a place within; torn, bleeding and unspeakably empty, where something tender was removed by force and memory only refreshes the wound.

Love ungiven is inert and barren; only another thing hoarded until useless.

Profound is the mystery at the heart of love's tender power.

Those bonds which endure beyond life are forged and tempered by adversity shared.

We can love more deeply than wisdom may follow.

Attachment is not love.

To raise a child in love; not even the creator of worlds does a greater thing than this.

We are a family; not of perishable blood, but of eternal spirit and shared purpose, united by love.

May no child remain hungry or unloved.

None can truly love those they hold in contempt.

Loving Wisdom is the very hinge upon which we open to embodied truth.

To witness the suffering of those we love is more painful than to bear our own.

All which we truly love is imprinted indelibly within us and beyond loss.

The power of Loving Wisdom exalts our every moment and renders us proof from despair.

All which lives, desires love.

Loving Wisdom is the primary virtue; self-obsession the primary impediment.

Not in fear of hell, but for love, do we strive.

However immense the knowledge, love precedes wisdom.

Fondly, do I remember the love that once smiled upon my young heart.

We find wisdom in the mundane tasks, by which we serve love and life itself.

One who loves birds does not build a cage, but plants a tree.

What good is eternal life, but that it is filled with love?

Love the question, embrace the mystery.

We are beloved members of an eternal family in common cause.

Love calls forth such power that against it death itself is powerless.

Love reveals us to ourselves.

No one can make another love them.

We are here to find what we most love and do it.

If our Loving Wisdom does not exceed our power, we are not great.

As wild survivors of wind and rain, we offer an irreplaceable contribution to love's enduring power.

A child unloved will turn hatred first in upon themselves and then out onto the world.

Many have weaponized a false profession of love.

Babies immersed in a mother's love may never remember her earliest gifts, yet they carry forever forward the benefits of her loving spirit. Her tenderness has made of their new life, a gentle enchantment and laid a lifelong foundation of embracing warmth. Our sweetest dreams are not built upon thin air but are the echoes of half-remembered, lovely things we have received already.

We lead forward the purposes of life and rise in Loving Wisdom, then turn back to consolidate our gains. Step by step, we ascend.

We leave behind untroubled bliss; in willing acceptance of risk, danger and suffering; a sacrifice freely chosen in Loving Wisdom. Our presence here, a witness to our courage and tenacity.

What difference to a wide world can but one make? Ask she who has lost her child or only love. Though she seems yet to live, her heart begs to differ. Share with her this truth: No love is ever lost beyond reunion. Endure.

There are creative principles, which operate in eternal opposition to the forces of entropy and decay. By this, matter rises to life; life to

consciousness; consciousness ascends to Loving Wisdom and from Loving Wisdom, comes all the rest.

We are to stand as one against the approaching darkness, unafraid and resolute. By the power of Loving Wisdom to oppose the destroyer; truth and beauty will not pass from this world.

The true parent and the false, both desired the child. Each pulled, but the true Mother temporarily surrendered her claim, that her child not be harmed in the struggle. But she knew. The babe would not remain unknowing. Time was on her side and inevitably on the side of rising truth. The infant grows into the discernment of Loving Wisdom, the true Mother's bequest.

Turn back upon that which pursues you. Face your fear and defend what you love. Confront your would-be destroyer and end his vile pretense. Do not cower as sheep before wolves, while the bully or tyrant has his way. Become who you truly are.

In a moment of desperate need, inspired by an instinct to protect, one offers their all without hesitation to save the rest; and these, strive to prove worthy. In this way, Savior and saved are bound together in love, memory, and hope.

When it seems that you are unloved, the world is a dark and empty place.

To experience the power of love, hug a sad or frightened child.

To love is to be vulnerable.
To dare vulnerability is to face fear.
To be unflinching despite fear is courage.

The essence of wisdom may be understood by a child; love is good.

May you know a love such that for it, you would face any danger.

Truth often dwells in opposition to the suspect judgment of this world.

Recall your mission and why you have chosen this life.

Our purpose is found in the way this world can be and is not yet.

It is time for new legends to rise.

All is won or lost within each single heart.

Devotion, not sacrifice is most precious.

Facts are limitless. Truth is simple.

Despite food in abundance, many starve for joy.

In the days to come, the animals shall no longer fear man, nor need to.

May the law come to reflect justice, not merely the will of the powerful.

Obstacles fall beneath our collective stride.

We are equipped to overcome and achieve, despite opposition.

One moment of truth at a time, we rise to our destiny fulfilled.

We recall the sharing of difficult times with unexpected fondness; for though the bitter fades, the sweet is retained with a wrenchingly tender intensity.

Much is gained by diligent passion.

Spend oneself in a worthy cause, ponder mystery and hunt without harm.

Earn victory in that battle where no sword avails.

Simply withstand all for which there can be no preparation.

We are the bridge between history and potential, between destiny and destruction.

Become what you most admire.

In undulant synchrony, entangled particles together dance across the gulf, which appears to separate, but does not.

Living instruments at joyful play, we pour forth the song of all creation.

Together, we make sweet the music of this world.

Beneath the snow, trees dream of Spring.

Take care what seeds you plant; for once planted they will grow.

Within the pure light is every color enfolded, the pure note encompasses harmony.

The spirit within flesh is the pearl in the oyster; as by subtle layerings, grit becomes treasure.

Though no seed sees the flower, the flower's beauty begins in dirt and darkness.

Opposites reconcile, reunite and resolve in an intimacy beyond flesh.

Contrast is not discord.

Beneath words dwell secrets beyond telling.

Embrace inevitable uncertainty.

The inevitability of bodily death is not fearful, it is motivating. Do not waste this brief opportunity.

Answers alter and drift; questions remain.

Upon meeting the ocean, each raindrop returns to unity.

Insight perceives the deep unity beneath the surface of all things.

Music rises from silence to bypass intellect and directly touch the heart.

It is within our reach to become extraordinary in a single lifetime.

The best of humanity overcomes the worst; upon this, our future depends.

We are on the threshold of those changes that transform and redefine our world.

At our own risk, do we think to subdue this world as though a defeated enemy.

The mistaken belief that our world is ugly and evil helps make it so.

The desire of some to wield power at any cost is an ancient peril.

It is easier to destroy than preserve; to take a life than to save it.

This world is a materialization of our collective values.

The best gifts are inspired, not occasioned.

The artist's hand and spirit are found throughout the work.

Creation is not a single event in the remote past, but an ongoing process of which we are part.

We are called not to ease and comfort, but to worthy struggle.

As upon a restless ocean, thoughts churn; while beneath, deep peace abides.

There is a song the unborn sings only to she who nurtures the fragile, new life within.

There is a rhythm and a melody to which the living dance and sing.

To damage nature is to sabotage the prospects of our children. Let us revere this, our only world. It is a home of exquisite beauty and varied charms. We must not bequeath to our children, a legacy destroyed.

This world itself is a parable, bearing keys to living mystery.

The world is a playground, a classroom, and a place of testing.

All the beauty of nature is but a faint suggestion of what awaits.

Hopeless tragedy need not be the truth of our world.

This world is the living forge of our destiny; a place of sorrow and longing, choice and chance entwined; our venue of victory.

We together choose to make of this place, a garden of delights or a graveyard.

Offer reverent thanks for the living things you daily consume.

Wander deeply in a pathless wood and receive the peaceful welcome of primordial homecoming.

When they have sacrificed all, exploited the earth and amassed wealth beyond use, to what new and untainted place will they next go as a careless, greedy plague?

All which may be learned in this world cannot be gained in a single pass.

What productive purpose does beauty accomplish? There is a living answer.

Accept from others only that which is willingly offered and received.

Seek truth and be at peace with the as yet unknown.

Assumptions and expectations are prisons of the mind.

If boredom approaches, recall transience.

Those who never journey are lost already.

We are born into a world not of our making and daily recreate a particle of it in our own image.

Is the river destroyed upon reaching the ocean, or fulfilled?

Like a dream just beyond recall, we verge on the discernment of a limitless, inclusive pattern, of which we are part.

Many victories derive from predictive empathy for our adversary.

This world of flesh is the spiral stair, upon which we ascend, but do not remain.

Beware those who would make their personal opinion universal law.

Vengeance makes all wretched.

Places of deep wisdom within us observe, remember and await opportunity.

By selfish folly, our world is jeopardized.

Cowardice invites cruelty. Cruelty reveals cowardice.

Challenge and dismiss superstition, the enemy of spiritual advance.

Fear of punishment may discourage the wrong, but cannot inspire the right.

Upon its stable depth does the tower's height rely.

Ignorance alone may turn a fertile garden into a wasteland.

To be confident, first seek competence.

Do not pretend to know.

As yet, we live on mere surfaces; the thinnest layers of heart, mind, and world.

With only the selfish and ignorant, the cruel and cowardly for allies, evil cannot long rule.

Courage and kindness together may turn aside rage and wither hatred.

From thoughtless to mindful, we rise.

What we are and believe is forever altered by undeniable experience.

Vast is the difference between being tolerated and being appreciated.

Overpopulation contributes to the undervaluation of women and children.

Courage rises within those who act on behalf of others, rather than for themselves alone.

An unnatural celibacy may conduce to perversion.

Though surrounded by beauty, many seek a thorn.

Many reach toward the light, yet cannot grasp it.

Those consumed with buying and selling, overlook the priceless.

Not by years does the heart grow old; it can happen in a moment.

What is most vigorously sought is present already.

They seek to determine the verdict of history and impose their will upon the future, yet cannot fully comprehend even this very moment.

It is a conceit of man that without him, the world ends.

Become worthy stewards of this world, before presuming to move beyond it.

The fate of all depends upon each steadfast heart.

In the courage of one is found the hope of many.

Let such beauty shine in your recollection that darkness can find no advance.

The morning dew makes of the spider's trap, a web of jewels.

Those that follow orders without question may do evil without limit.

It is within our power to be the miracle another most needs.

The loss of a single brush-stroke diminishes the masterpiece.

Civilizations rise and fall; ebb and flow like the tides, yet our human purpose remains.

Our true task is a collective endeavor beyond self, crucial to the future of all humanity.

Power unrealized, awaits opportunity.

Consider the worthy purposes we may act in concert to achieve.

When the way becomes familiar, the map is forgotten.

Strive with every nerve and fiber you have, with your lifeblood and last breath.

Caring for a child begins well before conception.

Children, revere your parents. Parents, be worthy of reverence.

Even those who become great begin helpless.

Beauty may be recognized in the most distressing guises.

Creation is more than how we are here, it is why.

Except that oppression is perpetual, how may there be order without balance; peace without justice?

This world is achingly beautiful. Even in sorrow may heartrending beauty often be found.

You contain a multitude, together engaged in the more or less unified endeavor of you.

Remember all you really are.

The flesh is no enemy, but a precious tool of spirit's material becoming.

Laws inevitably propagate until even a deep breath is suspect and none are wholly clean.

Past failures learned from prepare today's success and tomorrow's victory.

We are of one eternal family, deeper than blood.

Greed produces more hungry children than drought.

The selfish strive for abusive primacy.

Earthly life is a parable, told and enacted to eternal purpose.

Those who build cages will next find someone to trap within.

There is no true justice without mercy.

A lovely mask may conceal rot.

We live by choice; what we do, seek, offer and become.

There is unrecognized beauty within the mundane.

That which most enriches is beyond purchase.

In simplicity is elegance beyond adornment.

The seeking of endless novelty befits a child.

To hoard a vast surplus when there is desperate need is regrettable.

They first reject and slay, then misquote and worship.

In this moment may be found a taste of eternity.

Most fail to treasure what is too easily received.

The sun requires no faith to rise.

For the willfully blind, no sign will suffice.

Cease to wonder at how god created the world and ask, how shall we?

Recall all that you are and why you are here.

The workings of eternity rise to awareness and we awaken.

The uncaring bear the pain of others with remarkable fortitude.

Within the realms of time and matter, we unfurl to enrich eternity.

Beauty is experienced without proof.

We are not brief flesh passing into oblivion, but part of the eternal at variable play.

You cannot awaken those pretending to sleep.

Those who purposely misunderstand are unreachable.

In the contemplation of beauty is found both pleasure and learning.

At a crucial moment, a kind word alone will save a life.

We are both instrument and artist.

What shall we achieve in this brief tethering of spirit to flesh?

Sweeten the lives of scoundrels no longer.

Beyond the distortions of time and memory dwells the truth of things.

It is pointless to explain further than understanding may follow.

The child learns speech more quickly than the adult learns silence.

Cease to worship material wealth.

Maps are not the ground they describe, nor are words reality.

We deeply perceive already that which instruments cannot yet measure.

Information is not insight and experience exceeds all explanation.

There is far more proceeding here than we can perceive, much less explain.

Release your anguish.

May we live truth, not merely receive it.

Attend to the present for the sake of the future.

When your cause is just; though in chains, dignity is yours.

This world is filled with meaning, in rich and varied themes.

Intense competition may result in ruthless, destructive behaviors, which betray progress.

True wealth is beyond the reach of money.

Money can buy tasty food, fine goods, and false friends; a house, but not a home.

We remember the past, anticipate the future; but live only in this moment.

Prosperity and adversity both test and reveal character.

In the endless now between two eternities, this moment unfolds.

No moment is trivial.

You hold mortality in one hand, eternity in the other.

For life to be treasured, there must be passion and purpose, not merely fear of death.

Seek that worth finding.

In a critical moment, preparation and opportunity meet.

The vanguard is unprecedented.

The power of focused intent aligns the discordant to a manifestation.

We know their tree by its fruit, as our world runs red with innocent blood.

That upon which we dwell, we empower to become. First contemplate the worthy and then act.

To achieve the new, we must relinquish certainty.

Through the veil, we see into the living truth, of which we are a part.

The forms which life assumes, change unceasingly. The essence abides.

Catharsis serves by evoking sympathy and purging pain at a comfortable distance.

There is truth in freedom, none in tyranny.

Mindless obedience does no one honor.

Nothing worthy is built upon injustice.

We need not be perfect to dwell in light.

One who knows something can learn more; while one who knows everything is unreachable.

In binding ourselves to that which cannot endure, we suffer from inevitable change.

Drop by drop, pain falls upon the heart; until beyond despair, wisdom rises.

They who hold life cheap, should begin and end with their own.

The most wonderful things may happen just as all seems lost.

Bad friends destroy more than enemies.

Do not squander your own uniqueness in imitation.

Live with extraordinary creativity, for we are each unique beyond replication.

We must sacrifice what we are, for what we would become.

Through us, creation's power flows like a river beyond the notice of time.

Life itself is our medium of artistic expression.

Memories of the past outlive the present.

One moment and particle at a time, we transform into what we are becoming.

You can more easily will yourself to forever stop breathing than cease to create.

Too often rejected, the child hides in solemn self-reproach.

Make your life a unique expression of creative power, not a compliant heap.

Of what valor are the truly free capable!

No matter how we live, we are never untouched by disapproval. To accomplish anything substantial, you must remain undeterred by criticism. Much of great value is lost in fear of opinion.

Even the sharpest knife is not all edge.

Those who will be great are first good.

Opportunities often appear as obstacles.

Kept or broken, promises bear a price.

Once crossed, the bridge is forgotten.

Do no harm and this world is better for your presence.

Even stars pass away to serve the purposes of life; and to the stars, life returns.

Fire needs not hate to burn.

Beware those who cannot be satisfied.

The most essential may not be useful.

To one born blind and then sees; all is an indescribable wonder.

To obey malignant authority is to be an accomplice.

The weak are cruel, the insecure are boastful.

More powerful are we who command ourselves, than they who rule the world.

Refrain from doing harm. Enact the needful by compassionate means.

Every advance is first greeted by ridicule.

In the crossing, keep close that which is most precious.

We may long regret the needful thing left undone.

Swim hard, but the tide still takes you where it will.

In the noonday sun, even candle flames cast a shadow.

Their scripture was enshrined as an idol to presume ownership of spiritual experience.

The tree's new leaf is no insult to the old. What leaf outlives the tree?

By both nurturing and winnowing, we thrive.

We are here to demonstrate a power beyond self-concern.

Through deep forest leaves, the breeze plays an ancient tune.

Not with a curse do we dispel darkness.

We are born of the jeweled wonder of stars. Through us, they see and know themselves beautiful. Upon us, their light for a moment falls. Into the heart of things we gaze and are transfixed. We fall to dust only to return better than before; seer and seen as one. Behold! A new thing under the sun.

Courage rises from knowing the worth of our purpose.

We stand together suffering wounds that have yet to heal but shall.

Ingratitude is a poor imitation of independence.

Let us now build our future upon a more worthy foundation.

When liars hold sway in the place intended for justice; the most guilty have the least to fear, only the innocent are at risk.

It is a poor potter indeed who blames the clay for what has been wrought.

We grow into our liberty.

Let those who would be wolves, beware. Those sheep you presume to stalk may in fact, be sleeping lions.

By ostentatious display is abundance squandered.

That which cannot be perceived is the source of all perception.

Within the infinite and eternal, we create ever-changing patterns of beauty.

Progress results from bold reimagining, not rigid adherence to any flock.

Rather than be conformed to this world, let us remake it in the worthy image of our aspirations.

Intuition is related to reason, but not limited thereby.

Many who seek wealth achieve only money.

As the element common to all our experience, knowing oneself begins understanding.

Experience cannot be fully conveyed by writing or speech.

There is much more to you than you know.

We rise above those things which exist only in the world.

Beneath the reach of reason, dwell fears that must be confronted.

The world as it is results from our collective virtue.

Do not sit passive as a power-mad few impoverish and enslave the rest.

The fully human being stands astride realms of both matter and spirit.

By intimate encounters, we are transfigured.

Perceive the unseen, enveiled behind phenomena.

Let us not be overcome by a darkness of our own making.

We avert our eyes from the miracle, lest we be overwhelmed.

We need not lose ourselves to find purpose.

Errors are essential to learning and progress.

Life in this place is ordeal and opportunity, sojourn and seeking.

Not life, but unavailing despair, is futile.

Celebrate the joy of others, also.

A yearning gnaws within each, for that which is beyond all telling.

Nascent within us is an abundance of those very qualities we most wish to possess.

Many speculate endlessly upon the inconceivable, while essentials go unattended.

Most beautiful is that one, whose deep treasure this world does not yet recognize.

One may be unfaithful not through infidelity, but by unwarranted suspicion.

Consciousness is the miracle, by which we perceive all the rest.

Truth is revealed by experience, imagination, and reason in harmony.

No more is humanity to be determined by blind power, but by insight unleashed.

Within each are entire worlds waiting to be born.

It is by progressive resistance and harmony joined that we become strong.

You are capable of wonders well beyond what you suspect of yourself.

Lacking social justice, the corrupt and privileged few thrive at the expense of the oppressed and exploited many. It is not the victim who is dehumanized by this.

That taken by one sword is soon lost to another.

Better to violate the law of man, than one's own conscience.

Our better world does not arrive as a gift; it is won by determined struggle.

So long as there are peaceful means to achieve justice, use them.

What hellish things are done in the name of heaven.

Without justice, one can conquer, but not triumph.

Within her womb, the child cannot prove the existence of the mother.

Unattended by wisdom, prosperity is arrogant.

She who is oppressed, gains wisdom denied to her oppressor.

Time strips from us one thing after another, down to the bare bones.

In this brief span, how is there boredom?

By our own doing alone, may we be darkened or fragmented; for though we may surrender, we cannot be conquered.

All is fulfilled by creative participation, not passive obedience.

Unable to explain even itself, a miraculous mind insists that there are no miracles in all the world.

You choose who you are and what you choose reveals the truth of you.

As darkness falls, you realize you are lost. Mist creeps and you can no longer see to place your feet. You try to feel your way, but the ground is slippery. There are noises; stealthy and from all sides. Something tells you it will do no good to call out. What answers may be hungry.

Every great truth begins as blasphemy.

Those that sleep do not see the dawn.

That which is constant is not arbitrary.

The mote is washed away by tears.

Their religion opposes direct spiritual knowing to enforce a fraudulent scripture.

Women have been oppressed longer than any race.

We are here to gain by experience, enact virtue and return home with the prize.

The path may seem narrow and sharp as a blade, an abyss on every side.

From that which remains unseen, arrives all we observe.

True blood sacrifice is found in our devotion to those within whom the living blood remains.

Water does invisibly rise, that it may fall equally and to the sea, return.

Certitude is no substitute for knowledge.

The human heart desires the good it does not yet know.

Satisfaction is not increased by volume of consumption.

In both the base of the pillar and the keystone of the arch, there is strength.

A life for a life leaves the whole world dead.

We cherish the sun, yet sing and dance in the rain.

Is the indelible mark of the parent not found within the child?

Those of understanding will learn from a dialogue, where the foolish require commands.

Truth is not determined by volume.

Living abundantly is creative, not consumptive.

Wealth and prosperity are not identical.

By this gritty world, we are smoothed.

Being unwilling to follow does not make you a leader.

Though you win a war, what results may not be peace.

It is no sign of health to be well adjusted to a sick world.

Honesty is far more than not stealing.

Do not grow old in vain.

Rulers demand obedience and taxes, but may only earn trust and devotion.

Unable to refute it, they seek to dismiss truth unheard.

A single kiss may last a lifetime.

The autumn tree itself cannot say which is the next leaf to fall.

We are born more alike than different.

Evil thrives only when unopposed.

Being human is a source of pride, not a disclaimer.

We learn before knowing just how.

In the private realms of an individual's life, no one else can properly have any vote.

It is the belief that doomsday is inevitable that most makes it certain.

The most ignorant are the loudest.

On the edge of disaster, is found opportunity.

Though what you have perishes, what you are continues.

From brief life we rejoin eternity.

Discover your true purpose and with your courageous whole heart, serve it.

The spirit pervades and exalts matter.

Perversity makes some reflexively desire to thwart the aims of others.

One cannot both search and cling.

Be unmindful of acclaim.

Relinquish the need to have all the answers.

The quality of your experience is dependent upon your own intention.

By intolerant zeal is much evil done.

Though death is not final, it produces an intense sense of risk, despite which we still choose the right over the safe and overcome.

Families are made, not born.

Stand together against poisonous superstitions. They would destroy our world to rule over the ruin.

Many mistake hollow piety for virtue.

One selfish child seeks advantage at universal cost, to his sole gain.

Neither the wolf nor the shepherd hate the sheep upon which they both feed.

The past has much to teach. How may a person, a society or a world thrive without memory?

The true path is not blind obedience to authority, but enlightened self-interest.

Persuade, but do not coerce; encourage, but do not demand; share, but do not insist.

None are damned for the acts of another, as by another none are saved.

Faith is a groundless and imaginary virtue, predisposing to disaster.

None are so alone as they who are surrounded by the uncaring.

When they have served only themselves, of whom do they expect a reward?

By despair unrelieved, many are defeated without resistance.

An ordinary life is exalted by purpose.

Individual perspective is the aperture through which an image is formed and focused.

There is a divine song living within each; that when sung, opens heaven wide.

No one rises to success alone.

The return to life is not miraculous, it is universal.

That which is commonplace today was once deemed impossible; this pattern continues.

The gossamer flesh, briefly worn, drops away to reveal the naked truth.

You are not obliged to respect ignorance, meet hatred halfway, or negotiate with a disease.

You do not yet know all of which you are capable.

Truth is not subject to ownership.

Begin with a single perfect breath.

A single perfect day is a goal worthy of a lifetime.

Success is not possible, unpreceded by failures.

To perform even a mundane task with excellence is admirable.

You are not here to be like anyone else.

The wise do not grieve over a change of garment.

The Universe is vast. Certainty is unwarranted.

A smile is not wasted, even upon the blind.

Not at war, nor even in conflict are body and spirit. Flesh is the stair upon which we tread to rise.

The tumult is overcome by tranquility.

Those who were never sheep, awaken to rise and rend the wolves.

If in life we were to fully recall the deep peace denied to the flesh, we would fear only life's continuation.

Though clearly perceived by the heart, the essential is often invisible to the eye. Lacking this vital insight leaves one most blind.

The ear not attuned to truth cannot detect the music beneath the words.

This world remains lamentably eager to crush the most delicate underfoot.

The meek invite mistreatment and embolden their abusers to view all as prey.

In the world, ambiguity is inevitable.

Lacking direct experience, they settle for doctrine and worship their own imaginings.

Suffering and anguish fall away into the darkness we leave behind.

The beauty of truth is both intricate and simple, as uplifting as it is profound.

Those who deceive or suppress lack the power to forever restrain truth.

Those who intend destruction fall alone into the pit they prepare for others.

Make your sacrifice one of devotion, not of spilled blood.

That this moment is not forever, makes it precious, not meaningless. Eternity includes now.

We cannot be relieved of delusion against our will.

A journey may be a crossing, a search or a flight.

We begin not only transient, but helpless also.

We need not have all the answers to know peace.

Be here now and content.

We do not find the truth, we recognize it.

Words are inadequate to fully relate even the plunge and wheel of a single bird in flight.

We are each unique. This is the first of our similarities.

Let us return to fellowship with all creation.

None may be coerced to virtue.

The sky is deeper than any ocean.

The noise of a mind can drown out perception itself.

We are self-compelled to seek order within chaos.

When thirsty, drink; don't drown.

It is not about perfection, but deeply experiencing what is.

Paradox and ambiguity live near the heart of our existence.

Though the locks are removed, the chains do not fall away, for we grip them tightly in our own hands. So long as we cling, we remain bound.

Outside, explore the farthest reaches; inside, ponder the labyrinth.

The wounds of the past can be impediment or impetus.

Balance is not static, but a dynamic interplay creating equilibrium.

Make peace with reality.

More is destroyed by religious intolerance, than any other crime.

Be free of ostentation.

The extraordinary is found every day.

Join discipline to spontaneity; planning with improvisation.

In this very moment, be at peace. Until this is accomplished, of what value is eternity?

Who shall dodge the rain that falls equally upon all?

By increments, we reach the stars or extinction.

The just defender is often empowered to defeat overwhelming aggression.

False shame poisons our joys.

By the nobility of our struggle, we are defined.

What are we allowing ourselves to become?

We enfold the mysteries of both past and future, focused to this instant.

None are so suspicious as the untrustworthy.

When focused, light penetrates deeply.

Ask the trans-formative question; it is here wisdom begins.

Hold always this home-world in reverence; for no matter the breadth of our exploring, there is only one.

Risk attends every first time.

Do not be held hostage by opinion.

Discouraging free inquiry and open discourse is the prelude to tyranny of the mind.

There can be no progress without embracing change.

We begin here and now to save a better world.

They defend the past from needful change.

We are the living, free agents of needful change.

By habit and fear, they impede essential advancement.

Even the immobile are criticized for what they do.

Risk discomfort and release truth into the world.

The desire to be appreciated is inherent.

Only as we follow our worthy path beyond concern for comfort, reward or reputation, may we achieve much.

Those incapable of virtuous self-mastery seek control of others.

A simple thing of pure beauty confounds the world.

Insecurity produces a belligerent reaction to inevitable change.

Confront the dilemma.

For lack of a true vision, many suffer.

Without our consent, this world can only dirty us on the outside.

The darkest deeds are done in the name of light.

Not all aspire to fame.

Consider the vast difference between luxury and comfort.

Being fallible ourselves, we cannot rightly dictate the life and thoughts of others.

Hate is a miserable burden.

First within and then aloud, speak that truth which sets you free.

Answers surround us to questions we do not yet know enough to ask.

One with unsuspected courage will the seize the moment and change the world.

We do not dismiss the evidence of the senses and the verdict of reason.

What do we most hope for our world?

Recall your elevated purpose and get to it.

Without unbreakable loyalty to a worthy purpose, nothing is possible.

Those who would oppose worthy progress are on the wrong side of history and swim against the inexorable tide.

Wildflowers perish all unknown from a world in desperate need of their brief splendor and subtle fragrance. Many overlook the fragile magic of a single raindrop, becoming a jewel held in a petaled embrace.

The song of birds may reveal much to one of understanding.

Better bread and water in joy than to feast in sorrow.

Better alone than unwelcome.

Do not mistake consensus for truth.

As we slumber, tyranny trickles down.

Chance and causality collaborate.

With smug certainty, they plunge from the cliff's edge and insist you do the same.

The heart is a vault, withholding its contents from force, while gladly opening to the knowing touch.

Confront the dilemma.

That the fragile and innocent among us are those most endangered is the shame of this world.

It is the unprecedented occurrence that conveys greatest risk and opportunity.

If all were predestined, existence itself would be pointless.

The influence of random factors is powerful and unpredictable.

To listen deeply is to hear beneath words.

Interference in complex interactions may produce unforeseen consequences.

In the soothing of another's grief is our own cure often found.

By the rod a child is spoiled beneath the flesh; taught violence and inclined to respond in kind.

Confess not merely your wrongs, but the inner workings of your heart to another and find comfort in your shared humanity.

Nearly everyone can teach us something we need to learn.

Just as the light accompanies us, darkness too lurks nearby.

Wherever authority is not fully subject to its own laws, there is tyranny.

One who is not too certain may learn many things.

Much is possible in this very moment.

The seeking of beauty goes well beyond mere gratification; it is a defining attribute of our humanity.

What we are and may become, results from the maelstrom of instability within us, ceaselessly adapting to every challenge.

Wisdom exhibits authority over ignorance.

We conjure by the mind's essence.

We are obliged to strive again and weave something better to rise from the ashes.

When there is pain, remember: it is only real-time change proceeding at eye level.

The whole is manifested in each part.

We defend our future from the destructive habits of unworthy traditions.

We seek meaningful answers to the inherent mysteries of beginning and end.

It is our right and privilege to seek truth without limitation, pursue understanding without hindrance and progress toward our own chosen destiny.

Our worthy goals do not allow for the abandonment of reason.

We progress and ascend by relentless personal effort and experience.

You cannot force knowledge or its benefits upon another.

We will travel unfettered on the path of our own choosing.

Pleasures of the spirit exceed all those of flesh.

In the storm's core is peace.

Let us join our strength as one; multiplied by unity and focused intent, we prevail.

The temple defiled and destroyed, is a metaphor for every broken home.

They deny you choice and call it protection.

Do not enter into a conspiracy against your own mind.

As much is revealed in the question as by the answer.

You are never too lost to be found.

Relentlessly the creative imperative demands release.

Seeking something for nothing finds misery.

From the death of stars, rose life.

A pebble upon the ground is older than all the things of man; and who would worship a stone? Yet many do, even now.

From a close observation of the visible may arrive an intimation of the unseen.

Unseen by this world, is a darkness which swallows stars whole.

The most telling truth is impervious to language.

What good is a body freed to one of captive mind?

Children perish at pious feet as they debate scripture.

Stones wear away beneath the relentless caress of living water.

Unable to refute the message, they attack the messenger.

They kill animals for fun, each other for profit, poison land, sea and air, level the forests, enslave the helpless, deceive the trusting and oppress the gentle.

When we do not consume the foreshortened lives of others, we are at one with all that lives and grows. That which we preserve lends its spark and essence to us, together with what previously scattered in fear.

A small child may accomplish with ease, a thing that remains lifelong beyond most.

That which is sought with diligence is surely found; and along the path of this journey, many more precious things, though unsought, rise to flourish within the seeker.

Immersed, the fish does not recognize the water in which it lives and moves. To fully experience or appreciate anything, requires a time of separation. In wisdom, we choose to relinquish our accustomed unity for a moment and experience the trials of mortal life to a worthy purpose.

We are not made unique only to surrender to the common way of this world.

The freshness of pure air breathed deeply charges our blood as through us, life now flows.

Comfort the orphan, assist the widow, heal the afflicted, guide the lost, lift the downtrodden, ease suffering, mind the forgotten, encourage those who falter, feed the hungry, accept the abandoned, protect the gentle and make whole the broken.

They multiply laws and prisons to undermine justice until slavery returns. Those enslaved have no voice or vote and become a permanent underclass, bought and sold without mercy. The engineers of this police state secretly plot and wield their power.

Each new blossom, which rises in turn to brief beauty, cannot know the source of their root's repast. Sweeter was she than all the honey, which from her is made. Loving secrets are nourished there in the silence beneath the rose.

Confront and defeat inhumanity.

By conception, a new thought, a new life rises.

Upon a bloody foundation, their counterfeit faith uneasily rests.

Invasion is quickly opposed, but slow corruption destroys without a battle.

So bright is she that in her wake, flowers bloom and turn to follow.

Discover that to which you are called and follow a destiny of such deep purpose, as defies words.

Unbegun, the struggle is always lost.

There is a song, of such tragic beauty, that through tears; you are blessed to know in this moment, an exquisite, tender ache and counterpart of joy.

We will soon undergo such a prolonged interruption of our accumulated technology, as will drive humanity to the brink. This advance notice asks: How shall we survive?

We return to the place of our beginning; ennobled and refined by challenges, deeply strengthened by obstacles overcome; to pronounce as one that sacred word which was before time and ever shall be.

Finally, we come to long for rest and soon are released homeward to our reunion. In repose, we again revel in glories unavailable to the flesh; vast freedoms unbounded and timeless. Every wish fulfilled, we turn back to our nursery world and look again. We relive our joyful triumphs of courage over fear, adversities overcome, and the wonder of discovery. We recognize ourselves forever ennobled by the strivings of flesh long gone, recalling anew what it is to hold our loved ones for precious moments in mortal arms and how brevity itself rises to embrace eternity. Renewed, we once more consent to enter the maelstrom of flesh, despite every uncertainty which inevitably attends the challenge.

You were told that god created all, but chose only a single people; by the very ones who claim sole favor. Can any wonder why hatred so often returns to those very self-important groups which proclaim themselves alone to be the purpose of the entire Universe? Nothing worthy and universal can rise when founded upon such poisonous self-obsession. Those who proudly killed for absolute conformity, now demand tolerance from others.

Cease to divide one essential half from the other; heaven and earth, body and spirit, male and female. Their fallen scripture insists upon a division of necessaries that leads to insanity and death, as goal and guidance. You need not to wonder at the resulting condition of the world.

Patience is not cultivated indifference, nor resignation, nor mere waiting; it is not relenting, nor discouragement unexpressed. Patience is a confident expectation of the inevitable, coming to pass without anxiety. Though patience occurs within, it reveals vital qualities which often spread well beyond the self.

In each moment of truth is held both a test and a promise. In an instant, such a change may begin that life is never the same. Wonderful things, which slumbered in darkness are recalled to life and growth and in that very moment, we become more than we were.

That we are thinking beings, productive by our own effort and willingly suffer for the sake of our children, is neither punishment nor a curse; rather, these are among the blessings which lead us forward.

All things possess an entwined depth, unguessed. The humblest thing, fully known, suggests and foretells the greatest. We do not yet fully perceive even the simplest matter.

The visible regresses beyond the limits of direct observation to the invisible; and though we see ever further and deeper, we will not glimpse the first cause, the final purpose, nor the reason why.

The smallest kindness may be amplified across time and distance to become selfless courage years later and miles away.

They declare their beliefs to be exempt from criticism and express their offense with intolerant violence.

Who can explain how art and music touch and raise the spirit? There is a mysterious power at work that resonates within. Beauty can break or mend the willing heart. By form and color, number and note; light and music pierce. From us, emerge expressions of deepest feeling and the corresponding perceptive faculties to enjoy.

Proclaim aloud both music and meaning; for they flow through to cleanse, strengthen and relieve suffering. From that music, a graceful dance is inspired. The utterance of song and the expression of dance initiate an original, self-unfolding pattern from out of formless chaos. Music and meaning unite heart and mind as one, to convey both truth and beauty.

When you hear the voice of a stranger speak familiar words that say what you have deeply felt; remember that we are not strangers at all. As one, we together wonder and share what it means to be human.

Between life and death, truth and falsehood, cosmos and chaos, eternity plays out upon the earth.

The spiritual and the carnal are not at war but in deep partnership.

We have it within us to prevail. However, this is not foreordained, nor is doom predestined. We ourselves decide.

We sway to a song remembered and drawing free of these accustomed moorings, are released to again wander at ease beyond flesh.

Within the nest, the egg hatches. The hungry baby is fed and grows. But to fulfill its destiny, the young bird must leave behind its familiar place of comfort, security and the only life it has ever known; to spread those wings, useless in the nest and risk falling to earn the sky.

The bird soars, the dancer leaps and the seeker ascends, in graceful defiance of that which holds us earthbound.

The child takes faltering steps toward the parent's hand and smiles. We rise and struggle long, seeking a gentle touch.

Apply compassionate reason.

We descend to experience that which we know already but have not yet lived. We now confront inexorable change, in contrast to the eternity of our home. Thus, does theory become practice and knowledge rise to wisdom.

Not in vain, do we struggle. A wonder it is to raise from the fleeting, that which enhances eternity.

What is the purpose of life? To create and enjoy beauty; recognize and explore truth; gain and practice virtue; cause and share pleasure; foster joyful ascent.

We briefly dwell within a vessel of clay to a lofty purpose; not to send children to endless war for blood, profit or doctrine; not to control and destroy nature, subdue and despoil the earth; not to own or use anyone, but to end self-obsession and join in compassionate reverence for one another.

Do you not feel within yourself that powerful urge to accomplish some wondrous thing, which serves to enrich the lives of many? This pure yearning is embedded within you, deeper than blood.

The ocean primeval yet flows through your veins.

They deprive you of personal choice and claim they know better for you. Their profession of superior knowledge and concern forcibly overrule you. But know this: Somewhere, money is changing hands.

Wrongly are you told to hate the body, be suspicious of the flesh; despise and subdue the natural. Matter and spirit are not at war, nor antagonists, but complement one another in a purposeful fusion to mutual benefit.

The eternal realm is both within and above you. From both, it proceeds into the world; from within, outward; from above, descending to converge and manifest in resonant harmony throughout. You are a co-creator of life's deepest and most lofty purpose.

To those who grieve already or too soon will mourn, a new vision is given and the mirage of death is seen through; fear departs and peace falls like gentle rain upon a thirsty field.

By the authentic impulse of the fully human being, we cultivate the spirit; develop and share a message of hope, join with the willing and prepare our own way forward.

Something skirts about at the edge of your memory; teasing and tugging, like a playful child desiring attention. You can almost remember it and sense its importance; like a joyful dream you wish to rejoin.

From a sleep so deep you are unaware even that you live, you awaken to rise time after time. Despite this example, many learn nothing and insist there is but one life.

Those in power often desire control above all else; without regard to truth or harm. They destroy by deception or violence, even ones who feed and heal; without a pang of conscience. By such the world is reduced toward meaningless rubble.

One who is called to help will do so despite personal cost; though held in contempt, even by those for whom they suffer. They do this without seeking personal advantage, reward, or thanks. To such, the world owes its human existence and is saved from itself.

That all experience is subjective does not diminish its reality. Consciousness itself is subjective. Are you conscious? How may you prove it?

The most worthy dream will not become as we lay idle and wait for another to manifest it. Create and your endeavor rises to exceed even the dream with which it began.

Animals often display empathy beyond many humans and affection without an ulterior motive. To measure an animal's value based on usefulness is the standard of a parasite. Do not arrogantly dismiss the wisdom of the non-human. They do not feel any less because they have no words.

If their scripture were competent to guide us forward, we would be there already. We cannot reasonably expect better results by continuing what we already know by painful experience does not work.

By slow degrees, justice becomes tangled. Adhering to a form emptied of substance; it falls to a formal justification of its own misdeeds. Those who believe themselves to be serving justice, have instead become agents of inequity.

Mistaking stubborn for steadfast, they reckon their intractability a virtue. Their beliefs are more than false, they are a dangerous impediment to human progress.

Selfish and narrow are they, who annihilated entire nations with joy, only to indulge in self-pity when conquered themselves. They call themselves chosen or exceptional and are not.

Knowing exceeds the power of speech to relate. Yet, there are ways beyond words to convey the experience upon which the knowledge is founded.

Impressions remain, of a profound experience beyond description; remnants of a dream we know is achingly lovely, but cannot be held in daylight; fond memories of a kiss, for which we still yearn. The heart is thwarted by our inability to retain the full power of this elusive sweetness, though it lingers to tantalize.

In a manifold Universe of ceaseless change and seething turmoil, there is that which remains immutable and indivisible; such stillness does not catch the eye but is inexhaustible.

A greater miracle it is for the selfish to awaken than for the dead to rise.

Individually we can make a difference. In unity, we can change all.

Finally, we are made aware of the full impact of our choices, proceeding outward in every direction and inward to our depths. We see and feel each ugly, foolish, selfish thing we have done and the pain spread thereby. We are also given to fully experience every fine and worthy act undertaken and the resulting joy. Do not reap lasting regret for things beyond recall, but in foresight be early roused to compassion.

Give the bully and tyrant reason to reconsider their path. Not the peaceful and innocent, but the vicious are to cower.

You are summoned to destiny. From the victim's ashes, the hero emerges. The old skin is shed to a sleek arising.

All is in motion. Even the center revolves. Knowledge once adequate, is no longer. This truth; lament of the aged, hope of the young, carries aloft or away the willing and unwilling alike.

By effort alone, we can attain knowledge, but not wisdom; learning, but not understanding; pleasure, but not happiness; bed, but not sleep.

Sacrifice is not the spilling of innocent blood, nor any destructive act. It is devotion. It is the seeking of a good not solely your own; dedication to a purpose beyond oneself. It is doing the right thing, though it secures no direct, personal advantage.

As we hold the potential for love and the determination necessary to make it more than a mere sensation, we are caring beings. As we possess the capacity for wonder and the intellect to seek its fulfillment, we are thinking beings; and it is in this rising fusion of feeling and thought, that we become human beings.

Beware those who insist upon the literal meaning of symbols. Their failure of intellect and imagination is dangerous and destructive. Their need to enforce a false certainty to shore up their fearful ignorance predisposes them to violence.

Each child is the commingling of two disparate, indispensable factors.

In a timeless moment, the membrane of flesh, which seems ever to divide one life from the rest; falls away to reveal the overwhelming and certain oneness of all life. Though the habitual mirage reasserts itself, it is thereafter recognized as illusive as we reawaken to eternity.

Recognize the impermanence of all manifestation. Even truth is neither universal nor permanent.

In courageous defiance of entropy and decay, we enter time and flesh to create that new thing, which rises for a moment under the sun. It is to walk upon our own unique path that we are born.

In this divine realm, widely sought and seldom recognized, we participate and are made complete; everywhere revealed, freely offered and present already.

It is the skilled builder and not the ruler that is most honored by the monument.

At the shoreline, rock and wave pound out their resolution, breaking upon one another.

Look upon the familiar with new eyes, as an infant seeing for the first time. Simply observe. Learn to do this with one another, without preconceptions or expectation.

Humanity is a single life, standing courageously as one against the encroaching dark; insisting that our best define us and determine our collective future. To the degree our fully human nature holds sway, we remain intact.

Humanity's collective experience is combined and amplified. The brief sorrow of separation is overwhelmed by a joy greater than this world allows. Even the meaning and purpose of suffering is revealed as essential, having remade us worthy of eternity.

Among the sources of pain which endure is the regret of an opportunity to perform some needful kindness, allowed to slip away undone.

Words are unable to convey experience; beyond their reach, is mystery and unspeakable truth.

The tiniest thing enriches all.

Future and past are not yet and no longer; for now, there is only now.

Can any doubt that the health of our world determines our own?

We are creating this world as it becomes.

The past will inform or poison our future.

Obedience to the wrong is not admirable.

Adversity is a catalyst for progress.

To the wise, adversity is an ally.

You more than survive adversity, you are ennobled in the overcoming.

Many crucial human qualities will not develop in ease and comfort.

Enemies are vital, as those who mean you harm, empower your rise.

Tenacious bonds are formed by the sharing of adversity.

Weathering the storm deepens the root.

More are destroyed by prosperity than are defeated by adversity.

In the collision of circumstance is found both danger and opportunity.

Within the stone, a jewel awaits discovery.

Well met, suffering is not an arbitrary and sterile cruelty, but a vital tool of attainment.

The road home may be dusty, muddy, uneven, unmarked, unlit and uphill all the way.

What is given freely can never be explained.

We divest ourselves of savagery before the bridge is revealed.

The spirit has no use for piety.

Where proof is unavailable, dispute is unrevealing.

Do not seek reason to take offense.

Examine and weigh your beliefs, not merely hold them.

Life looks different when held up to the light.

Through living is learned the art of improvisation.

When confronted by adversity, we do well to hope; for by courageous daring, much is learned, accomplished and preserved.

Obstacles and adversities overcome, empower and refine the character.

Seek opportunity to perform an unexpected kindness.

Adversity is adept at plumbing the depth of each human spirit.

Death adds urgency to our true purpose; as the end of one thing and the continuation of all else.

Within us, some new thing struggles to live and bless the world.

Far more is required to heal than to wound. Your courage to freely persevere must exceed their destructive urges.

Our apparent fragility is an illusion. We are unconquerable, eternal and far from defenseless.

In the midst of a world in pain, we take our stand.

Within the mundane inheres the sacred.

Incompleteness and dissonance are inherent in the flesh.

Find joy despite imperfection.

Free your knowing to stray from the herd.

Beyond pain, none are lost but await reunion.

What you seek is worthy of risk and effort.

You are essential to the unfolding.

Between the world which was and shall be, we unfold.

Distortions of light reveal unseen darkness.

No road is false which leads us home.

The random is indeterminate in any single instance.

Integrity is sometimes expensive.

If despite having much they are yet unsatisfied, who has wealth?

Over us, death holds no sway.

We fall but to rise, greater than before.

Life is a brief gift, wherein matter and energy for a moment together dance in partial awareness.

We shed a husk outworn to resume eternity.

The dross discarded, love greets our ascent.

All which appears to live seems to die.

From a cup of clay, we briefly drink life.

At death, we relinquish all we are not.

None depart from this world unscathed.

Fear of death is not the love of life.

As life is sacred, insight evokes reverence.

Recall those precious things, which perish unseen by a world half in darkness.

Before leaving this world, say and do every loving thing which lives within you.